6 34 Tom's Coffee house May 6th 1736
Mr White
Mr Crisp
Mr Gillingham
Mr Jukes
Mr Hall
11630.c.13

DESOLATION:

OR,

The Fall of Gin.

A

POEM.

To which is added,

A New BALLAD, on the ſame Subject.

BOTH

By TIMOTHY SCRUBB, *of* Ragg-Fair, *Eſq;*

LONDON:

Printed, and Sold by *J. Roberts* at the *Oxford-Arms* in *Warwick-Lane*, 1736.

(Price 6 d.)

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The Fall of Gin.

A

POEM.

THY Son, *Melpomine*, inſpire
To Howl, or Sing, his Dirge;
And as he's trembling on the Verge
Of cruel Death, and muſt immerge,
Impart a double Fire:
And let him, like a Candle Snuff,
Tho' ſtinkingly, in Blaze go off.

Sure ne'er was Subject yet ſo ſad;
Sure ne'er was Grief ſo great,
Deſpair ſets ope its diſmal Gate,
And Horror ſtalks about in State;
While Woe's with Sorrow clad.
Thy Tragick Vein, benign, impart
To count the Pain which wrecks my Heart.

Never Affliction on the Stage,
Sung by the Buskin'd Hero,
Who wept the Cruelty of *Nero*,
Or other Ills; our Ill come near-Oh!
War, with ſuch puny Woes we'd Wage:
Philoſophy might there ſtep in,
Or we ſupport our ſelves with GIN.

Say, Muſe, what Planet rul'd the Hour
With fatal Infl'ence fraught;
What Mortal could ſuggeſt the Thought,
On which the luckleſs Bill was brought,
Which does our Peace our Hopes devour?
For GIN once baniſh'd, ev'ry Joy
Conſuming Care muſt ſoon deſtroy.

Give me the *Danube*, *Thames* and *Po*,
Give me the rapid *Rhone*;
The ſev'n Mouth'd *Nile*, the gentle *Soan*,
Give me the Waters near *Gironne*,
To feed my Eyes, let theſe all flow:
But theſe, my Grief will ſoon weep dry,
Let *Neptune* all his Store ſupply.

But farther yet to vent my Moan,
Give me the ſhe *Wolf*'s Howl;
Give me the angry *Lyon*'s Growl;
Add the Curr's Yell and Screech of *Owl*,
And like an Earthquake let me Groan,
More terrible than Grunt of *Boar*,
Than *Aſſes* Bray, or Mad *Bull*'s Roar.

Let the Winds come to my Relief,
Let them uſe Breech and Mouth;
Altho' the firſt may ſeem uncouth,
Give me *Eaſt*, *Weſt*, the *North* and *South*,
That I may ſigh th' oppreſſing Grief;
And all the World from Pole to Pole,
May learn the Anguiſh of my Soul.

Lament each ſolitary Punk,
Let ev'ry Bulker mourn,
Let Sackcloth ev'ry where be worn,
Let Bawds now walk in Garments torn;
GIN muſt, alaſs! no more be drunk:
No more a Coverlid ſupply,
And guard againſt th' inclement Sky.

Ye Link and Shoe Boys, clubb a Tear,
Ye Basket Women join;
Gruhb-Street, pour forth a Stream of BRINE,
Ye Porters hang your Heads and Pine;
All, all are damn'd to rot-gut Beer:
No more will GIN the Bard inſpire,
Humour and Wit with GIN expire.

Nor does *Apollo* grieve alone,
War will become a Farce;
The Soldier now muſt hang an Arſe,
GIN was the real Soul of *Mars*:
'Twas GIN that prop'd his Throne.
Safely may *Spain* her Banners ſpread,
Our GIN is gone, our Courage fled.

Mourn ye who toſs the poliſh'd Steel,
This Stroke your Spirit breaks;
Let Sorrow plough your palid Cheeks,
The Sky re-eccho back your Shreeks,
With kindly GIN no more you'll reel:
No more muſt GIN your Spirits warm,
No more your gloomy Cares muſt charm!

Toſs, ye Bum-ſitters, toſs aſide
The poliſh'd Sanguin Bar;
E'en let the Ribbon loſe its Star,
On State, by Idleneſs, make War;
Nor longer be ye Slaves of Pride.
Revenge yourſelves upon the Rich,
Let them go plain, or learn to *ſtitch*.

Ye Ballad Singers change your Note,
Ye Bards no longer ſtudy,
Or ſing of nought but what is bloody,
Be diſmal all your Thoughts, and muddy;
Since GIN no more muſt waſh your Throat;
That GIN which gave you Life and Spirit,
And oft ſupply'd the Great with Merit.

The Cobler ſhuts his gloomy Stall,
Things are too bad to *mend*;
He'as loſt his *All*, he'as loſt his *End*,
All, All does to Deſtruction tend:
With falling GIN, all Arts muſt fall,
Tho' he had many Troubles paſt,
He fails, he ſinks, beneath the *laſt*.

The Carman, penſive, hangs his Head,
Grief has the *Whip*-hand got;
Coachmen ſcarce make their Horſes trot,
They cry may Beaux and Belles go rot:
Since GIN, our only Comfort's fled,
That GIN which us'd to keep us Warm,
And make us boldly face a Storm.

The Porter who was us'd to bear
The Loading of a Horſe,
Finds the Want of GIN much worſe;
The Loſs of GIN he well may curſe,
It brings him on a Load of Care:
While he had GIN he felt no Pain,
What e'er his Load, he'd not complain.

Cribla

Cribla no more will Art employ
The Aſh to ſegregate;
Why ſhould ſhe ſlave at ſuch a rate,
Since ſhe's forbidden by the *Great*
What ſhe with Labour gets t'enjoy—?
Since GIN's deny'd, ſhe ſpurns the Seive,
And would not give a F—t to live.

The Beggars, deſp'rate, quit their Calling,
Why ſhould they walk the Street,
Humble themſelves to all they meet?
They begg'd for GIN; and not to eat:
Why ſhould they then continue bawling,
Since GIN they are debarr'd to ſup,
E'en with it lock your Pity up.

The Counſel, learned in the Law,
Muſt learn to write again;
The Hack has caſt away his Pen,
Is chearing GIN deny'd? Nay, then
The Gown may both engroſs and draw;
Our Fingers, when well warm'd with GIN,
The Quill drove ſwiftly o'er the Skin.

Around the *Fleet*, the tatter'd Crape
Have laid aſide all Pray'r,
Refuſe to tagg the Loving Pair,
For future Times reject all Care;
Since they're reſtrain'd from *Alma Tape.*
Let the World Whore, 'tis not a Sin
Near equal to the damning GIN.

The Evil now is in the Foot,
Where it will end! who knows?
It will affect, I fear, the Beaux,
Who will be forc'd to make their Cloaths,
T—y, 'tis true, with Eaſe can do't.
The Taylor gone, they'll to their Coſt,
Find the Fair's Heart will ſoon be loſt.

Whatever Way I caſt my Sight,
A Groupe of Ills ariſe;
Pale walking Ghoſts ſalute my Eyes,
My Ears are ſtunn'd with mournful Cries,
Which break upon the Peace of Night.
Should the Pope come with Stake and Fire,
Our Tide of Grief could ſcarce riſe high'r.

So have I ſeen a Country Child,
Whoſe fav'rite Chick was ta'en,
Run and ſcream, tho' Hopes were vain
The raviſh'd Bird to get again,
Her Looks with Grief quite wild.
The Kite is deaf to all her Cries,
And ſoars, exulting, with its Prize.

GIN.

A New BALLAD.

By TIMOTHY SCRUBB, of *Rag-Fair*, Eſq;

To the Tune of Molly Mog.

I.

WHAT mean theſe ſad Looks and this ſighing,
Why look you ſo hagged and thin?
You're weaker than Women down lying:
Oh! we've loſt our Comforter *Gin*.

II.

Had we loſt both *Citron* and *Brandy*,
I'd value it not of a Pin,
While we were permitted to ſtand by
A Quartern of Care-healing *Gin*.

III.

For Bookſellers while I was drudging,
Who're, ſure, to the Devil a kin,
I toil'd and I moil'd without grudging,
My Spirits recruited with *Gin*.

IV.

When the Winds, by Famine inducted,
Had taken my Guts for their Inn,
They downwards were caſt or eructed,
By Means of a Quartern of *Gin*.

V.

While the Bum, ſet on by Mechanick,
Was trying all ways to get in,
I boldly cou'd ſit without Panick,
My Spirits ſupported by *Gin*.

VI.

A Subject, tho' ever ſo barren,
I ev'n to a Folio cou'd ſpin;
My Verſes wou'd ſhine like Beau *W——n*,
My Head being freighted with *Gin*.

VII.

While Princes contended for Power,
I'd no Care for who'd loſe or win:
My Spirits were higher, or lower,
As I got, or cou'd not get *Gin*.

VIII.

If the Land was tax'd at four Shilling,
I over my Quartern cou'd grin,
For I was leſs able than willing,
To find Caſh for ought but my *Gin*.

IX.

If the Town is buſy'd in talking
Of ſome Maiden's breaking her Shin;
Or bit by a Wager of walking,
I'd heed neither, give me but *Gin*.

X.

Shou'd *Caleb* be hang'd for his carping,
And Sneers on the Member of *Lynn*;
Shou'd *F——d* be pillor'd for ſharping,
My Grief I cou'd conquer with *Gin.*

XI.

Shou'd *P——s* once more be a Bubble,
And loſe his Eſtate once again,
His Folly wou'd give me no Trouble,
I can grieve for nothing but *Gin.*

XII.

Shou'd *Bob* in a hempen String dangle,
About whom *Fogg* makes ſuch a din,
With *Fog* nor with *D'anvers* I'd wrangle,
Give me ſtill the Bleſſing of *Gin.*

XIII.

Shou'd War with the Rage of a Dragon
Strip each Mother's Son to the Skin,
And not leave the Richeſt a Rag on,
Relief I cou'd find in my *Gin.*

XIV.

XIV.

Both Hunger and Cold I derided,
Which are like as Twin is to Twin,
Againſt their Attacks I provided
By keeping a Quartern of *Gin*.

XV.

Were I cloſe confin'd in a Tower,
My Chamber as cloſe as a Bin,
My Content wou'd make it a Bower,
Indulge me with cogueing of *Gin*.

XVI.

Were I to be ſous'd in the Ocean,
Or ſet in a Pond to the Chin,
I'd bear it without leaſt Emotion,
If arm'd with a Quartern of *Gin*.

XVII.

Cou'd I but this Loſs thus recover,
I'd give all our Mines up of Tin,
The Silver Mines too of *Hanover*,
Meer Trifles when ballanc'd with *Gin*.

XVIII.

Did any one hear that *Apollo*
Condemn'd a dry Dram as a Sin?
Were his Bards forbidden to ſwallow
Their Labours in Soul chearing *Gin?*

XIX.

Who ſays it, I ſwear is a Fibber,
Tho' in Air Majeſtick as *Q--n*;
Our Bards wou'd have grovell'd like *C--b--r*
Had they been reſtrain'd from their *Gin.*

XX.

No more can I ſeat me to Study
Than a Fiſh can ſwim without Fin,
My Brains are confus'd and quite muddy
By loſing my Comforter *Gin.*

F I N I S.